

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Published weekly by D. D. Fish--A. Fowler and C. P. Bradley, Editors.

Vol. 1.

Concord, N. H. Friday, December 5, 1834.

No. 11.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Major General John Stark.

Original.

(Concluded.)

Col. Stark crossed the Delaware with Washington, was engaged in the battle of Princeton, and continued with the army until it went into winter quarters at Morristown. His regiment having served out their term of enlistment, he returned to New-Hampshire to recruit another. In April the levies were completed and he repaired to Exeter to receive orders for the campaign. There he was informed that a new list of promotions had been made out and his name omitted. The cause was easily traced to some officers of high rank and members of Congress, who disliked his independent and unbending character. He called upon Generals Sullivan and Poor, wished them success and surrendered his commission. They endeavored to dissuade him from this course, but he answered that "an officer who would not maintain his rank, and assert his rights, was not worthy of serving his country."

He warned them of the danger of the army at Ticonderoga—declared his readiness again to take the field whenever his country should require his services, and retired to his farm. There he fitted out all his family capable of bearing arms and sent them to join the army. Upon his return the Legislature, in convention, passed a vote of thanks highly complimentary to his patriotic services.

The disastrous retreat from Ticonderoga and the victorious advance of the invader from the north, with a powerful and well appointed army, demanded all the energies of the country for its defence.

New Hampshire had already furnished troops and supplies beyond her quota in support of the common cause. She had no public credit nor means of supporting troops. At this crisis, John Langdon held to the Legislature the following language. "I have three thousand dollars in hard money. I will pledge my plate for \$3000 more, I have 70 hogsheads of Tobago rum which shall be sold for the most it will bring; these are at the service of the State; our old friend Stark, who so nobly sustained the honor of our State at Bunker hill, may safely be entrusted with the command, and we will check Burgoyne." An express from the council informed Col. Stark that his former patriotic services were remembered, and that his name, military reputation and popularity were necessary to call out the militia of New Hampshire and Vermont. He obeyed the summons and presented himself before them.

The council urged him to forget the past and assume the command of their troops. He stated that he had no confidence in the commander at the north,

but if a body of troops were raised to hang upon the Vermont wing and rear of the enemy, to be directed by himself, without accountability to any other power than the State Legislature, he would again take the field. They closed with the terms—a commission was furnished accordingly; and laying aside the recollection of his wrongs, he called upon his friends, the yeomanry of the country, and they obeyed his voice. In a few days he was upon the frontier with a respectable force.

The aspect of their affairs at this time was to the Americans peculiarly gloomy and dispiriting. They had been driven from their strong hold at Ticonderoga, and universal alarm prevailed in the north. Confiding in his superior force, and deceived by the opinion that the friends of Great Britain in America were five to one, Gen. Burgoyne detached Col. Baum with a force of 1500 men, composed of Hessians, Indians and Tories, upon a most romantic expedition. His instructions which fell into the hands of his conqueror can best explain his object. "You are to proceed through the Hampshire grants, cross the mountains, scour the country with Peters' corps of Tories and the Indians, from Rockingham to Otter Creek—to obtain horses, carriages and cattle—to mount Redesel's regiment of Dragoons—to proceed down Connecticut river as far as Brattleborough, and return by the great road to Albany, there to meet Gen. Burgoyne—to endeavor to make the inhabitants believe that you are the advance guard of his Army; who is to cross Connecticut river and proceed to Boston—that at Springfield he is to be joined by the troops from Rhode Island—all officers civil and military acting under the congress, are to be made prisoners,—you are to tax the towns where you halt, for such articles as are wanted, and take hostages for their compliance with your requisitions."

At this critical juncture General Stark came upon the frontier and took post at Bennington. When the arrival of his troops was known to the General commanding the Northern Army, he despatched Gen. Lincoln to conduct them to head quarters.—General Stark refused compliance; Lincoln reported the case to Schuyler, who referred the same to Washington and Congress, at the same time urging the necessity of reinforcements, stating that he had been compelled by the advance of Burgoyne to fall back south of the Mohawk. The subject was brought before Congress and it was resolved "that the council of New Hampshire be informed that the instructions which General Stark says he has received from them are destructive of military subordination and highly prejudicial to the common cause at this crisis, and that therefore they be desired to instruct General Stark to conform himself to the same rules, which

other General officers of the Militia are subject to, whenever they are called out at the expense of the United States."

Before the passage of the above resolve, the commanding General had opened a correspondence with General Stark and endeavored to prevail upon him to join the main army at the sprouts of the Mohawk.—The latter detailed to him his plan of operations, which was to harass Burgoyne's rear, and cut off his supplies; of which General Schuyler approved. While arrangements were making to execute this plan, on the 14th of August, an express brought information from Cambridge, 14 miles north west of Bennington, that 200 Indians had arrived there, that morning. A few hours afterwards another express informed that a large detachment of Hessians and Tories had also since arrived. A large magazine of flour having been collected at the mills, on the road towards Cambridge, the General ordered Colonel Gregg with a battalion to advance and secure it, while he himself followed with all his force, to support him if necessary. Gregg was soon met in full retreat before a large body of Germans, who were approaching in rear of the Indians, and were within one mile of our troops.

The appearance of the main body of the Americans was the signal for the enemy to halt and entrench himself upon advantageous ground. A party of skirmishers, sent out upon his front, killed and wounded thirty of his men, with two Indian Chiefs, and retired without loss. The 15th proved rainy and no general attack was made. The enemy thus gained time to fortify his camp with a log breast work, inform Burgoyne of his situation, and request a reinforcement.

On the morning of the 16th of August, the Americans advanced. The enemy were entrenched upon a high bluff, fronted by the Walloonsac on the south, with a gradual slope towards the north and west. The position was reconnoitered at a mile's distance, and the plan of attack arranged. Two detachments under Colonels Herrick and Nichols were ordered to turn the right and left, and assault the rear, reserving their fire until they were very near the entrenchments. Colonels Hubbard and Stickney with a detachment of 200 men were posted opposite his right, while the reserve led by the General in person, menaced the enemy's front. At three o'clock Colonel Nichols commenced the action by an attack upon the rear of the enemy's left. This was followed up by a general onset. The contest continued two hours, when the enemy were driven out of their lines, and surrendered at discretion. The General's horse was killed under him and he followed up the attack on foot. The prisoners were scarcely secured when information was received that a strong reinforcement was coming up to their rescue. Col. Warner who had been detached by General

Stark to secure a quantity of arms which had been left in the woods during St. Clair's retreat, arrived at this moment with part of his regiment, and commenced a gallant attack upon the enemy. This checked his advance, until the remainder of the Brigade who were scattered in quest of refreshments could be rallied to support him. The action continued until dark, when the enemy gave way at all points. Many prisoners were taken, but the main body escaped under cover of the night. "With one hour more of daylight the whole must have been captured." The fruits of this victory, obtained by raw militia over European veterans supported by a numerous and desperate band of Tories and Indians, were 4 pieces of brass cannon, 8 brass drums, 1000 stand of arms, 750 prisoners, and 207 killed on the spot. The loss of the Americans was 30 killed and 40 wounded. The most important result, produced by such signal and unexpected success, was a restoration of confidence to the desponding armies of America, and a death blow to the hopes of Great Britain. This was the first link in the great chain of events, which terminated in the surrender of Saratoga. It roused the whole country to active exertion; and added unfading laurels to the brow of the veteran who commanded. Congress on the 4th of October "Resolved that the thanks of Congress be presented to Gen. Stark of the New Hampshire Militia, and the officers and troops under his command for their brave and successful attack upon, and signal victory over the enemy in their lines at Bennington; and that Brigadier Stark be appointed a Brigadier General in the army of the United States." Never were thanks more deservedly bestowed. General Stark's triumph over his enemies was complete and glorious. His conduct had discovered, whether he, or they were the true friends of their country. When her liberties were in the most imminent danger, private resentments were forgotten in the pursuit of public good. He led his hardy yeomanry to the field, and to them belongs the honor of giving the first fatal check to the progress of the invader, thus leading the way to his subsequent defeat and capture. The General went into action with the avowed determination to conquer or die.

Upon the advance of Burgoyne General Stark approached the main army at Behmus' heights and finally entered the camp. On the 18th of September the time of his men had expired; but General Gates, sensible that a battle must shortly take place, was desirous of retaining the victorious troops. They all refused to remain, and General Stark returned with them to make report of his campaign, receiving wherever he came the warmest testimonials of the people's gratitude.

Impressed with the idea that Burgoyne must now be taken, volunteers from all quarters flocked to his standard, and he soon after joined the army with a more formidable command than before. He proposed to Gen Gates to attack Burgoyne in his camp, and to aid that object, placed his division in

the rear to cut off his communication with Canada by way of Lake George. By this movement, the enemy became entirely surrounded, and General Stark contended that he might have been compelled to an unconditional surrender.

After the war had been finished in the north, he was ordered by Congress to prepare for a winter expedition to Canada, and to confer with Generals Conway and La Fayette at Albany, upon the subject. Preparations were made; but the design was abandoned by Congress.

In 1778 he assumed the command of the northern department at Albany. For this service he had very few troops, two extensive frontier rivers to defend, and was surrounded by tories, spies, speculators and faulters. It was with the greatest pleasure, that he relinquished this command to join General Gates at Rhode Island.

He was directed by General Gates to take post at East Greenwich on account of his popularity with the militia, and that he might ascertain and counteract the designs of the enemy upon Rhode Island. When the season for action had passed, he returned to New Hampshire to urge the necessity of men and supplies. In the spring of 1779, he rejoined General Gates at Providence.—By his order he examined the coast as far as Point Judith, and the east shore of the bay as far as Mount Hope. Few troops being employed upon this station, more than ordinary vigilance was necessary to prevent inroads and establish a regular system of espionage. Late in October the enemy were in motion and his command was for some days actively engaged. On the 10th of November the British Army embarked on board their fleet and evacuated Rhode Island. Early next morning General Stark took possession of Newport, and placed guards in the streets to prevent plunder and preserve order.

At this time Washington, expecting that upon the arrival of the Newport reinforcement at New York an attempt would be made upon his army, ordered the troops which had blockaded Newport to join him in New Jersey. General Stark was soon afterwards ordered to New England to make requisitions of troops and supplies. He performed this service and rejoined the army at Morristown in May 1780, and was present at the battle of Springfield near Short-hills. He next proceeded to New England, to levy a body of Militia and march them to West Point. He arrived with his troops at the Point while Washington was absent to meet Count de Rochambeau at Hartford, shortly previous to Arnold's desertion. After delivering up his command, he joined his division at Liberty Pole, New Jersey.—In September he was ordered to relieve the Pennsylvania line under St. Clair, which had garrisoned West Point after Arnold's treason.

While at Liberty Pole, he was called upon to partake in the melancholy duty of deciding the fate of Major Andre; and was a member of the Military tribunal which sentenced to death that unfortunate victim

of a traitor's wile.' He was duly sensible of the hardship of the case, but was also aware that the liberties of his country were at stake, and that the safety of her army depended upon the example. Their decision no doubt prevented a recurrence of the evil. An almost universal distrust of each other, (says an officer who was then at Liberty Pole and from whom most of those details were obtained) prevailed in the army. To such an extent had this increased, that it was deemed unsafe to entrust the custody of the prisoner, to any other guard than one composed of officers, who sat in the room with swords drawn. They relieved guard in turn and by every attention in their power alleviated the situation of the high spirited soldier, who in an evil hour became the dupe of a traitor, whose name has gone down to posterity, without one ray of honor to brighten the blackness of his memory.

In order to mask a design which he had formed of surprising Staten Island, Washington ordered General Stark with 2500 men and a large train of waggons to advance near Manhattan Island, secure all the corn, cattle and forage to be found, and hover about New York until further orders.—The directions to this detachment were to invite a battle, but not to provoke it. The English suspecting some design from another quarter, suffered the country to be pillaged as far as Morrisania and King's bridge for several days, and the foragers to retire with their booty unmolested.

The army soon after went into winter quarters at West Point, New Windsor and Fishkill. Gen. Stark was here visited by a severe illness, and returned home on furlough, with the standing orders for men and supplies.

In the spring, 1781, he resumed the command of the northern department. A few feeble detachments of Militia from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and New York, comprised all the disposable force for the protection of the extensive frontier. The country was overrun with spies and traitors. Gen. Schuyler's house at Albany was robbed, and two of his servants carried prisoners to Canada. The General saved himself by retreating to his chamber, barricading the door, and firing through it at the marauders. The report of the firing roused the city military, but the plunderers escaped.—Soon after the establishment of the military post at Saratoga, a party of these brigands were discovered within the lines, and a British commission found upon one of them.—General Stark ordered a board of officers to examine the case who pronounced him a spy and sentenced him to be hanged; which sentence was executed the next day. One of the prisoners, upon promise of quarter, informed that he belonged to a party of fifteen, who were then scattered about the country in various disguises, to ascertain its defensive condition for the information of the British General in Canada, who was meditating an inroad; and that they had left their boats concealed upon the shore of Lake George. A Lieutenant with a sufficient force, and the prisoner for a guide,

was dispatched to the place with orders to wait five days for the return of the party.— He found their boats and waited one day, when his prisoner escaping, he became alarmed for his safety, disobeyed orders and returned. Ten days must have elapsed before the enemy could have disturbed him, from the information of the spy; and it was afterwards ascertained that the tories returned to their boats two days after, and escaped. The officer was severely censured for not capturing the whole party as he might have done.

The name of the spy executed was Thomas Lovelace. Complaints were made to the Commander in Chief by some connexions in the vicinity and threats about the danger of retaliation thrown out. Washington demanded a copy of the proceedings, but took no further notice of the affair. The cure of the body politic was radical. No more of these parties were found in the country during the war.

After the reduction of Cornwallis, and the danger of inroads from Canada had ceased, the General dismissed the Militia with thanks for their good behaviour. He then secured the public stores, and returned to New England to procure men and supplies for the next campaign. During the year 1782, he was afflicted with the rheumatism and did not join the army until ordered by Washington in April 1783. He appeared at the day appointed and received the hearty thanks of Washington for his punctuality.

His influence was exerted, with that of other officers, in allaying their feelings of discontent and inducing the troops to disband without tarnishing their victorious laurels by acts of hostility to their country.— After this closing scene of the revolution, he bade a final adieu to the cares of public life and retired to his estate. The remainder of his days were devoted to the duties incumbent upon a patriot and father of an extensive family. In 1786 he received the appointment of Major General in the army of the United States. His long and useful career terminated May 8th 1822, at the age of 94. He was the last surviving American Major General of the Continental Army.

His funeral was attended by a large concourse of people, at his late residence in Manchester on the banks of the Merrimack. His remains were interred, with military honors, in a spot which he had a few years before designated. It is a hillock upon the second rise from the river, and may be seen for a few miles up and down the stream.— On the 16th of August 1829, the anniversary of his "victory at Bennington, a monument to his memory was erected by his relatives. It is a block of granite, emblematic of his republican firmness, hewn in the form of an obelisk, bearing this inscription: "MAJOR GENERAL STARK."

Such is a brief outline of the life and military services of a hero, whom New-Hampshire may justly boast to have been unsurpassed in cool and deliberate bravery;

and who contributed, as much as any other individual, to the successful issue of the struggle for American Independence. He was a republican in every sense of the word, and opposed, with all the arguments in his power the establishment of the Cincinnati, which he regarded as aristocratical in its principles and as tending to restore that system, which it had been the object of his life to overturn. To free the land of his birth from foreign dependence, and not the gathering of military laurels, was the object of this citizen soldier. When that end was answered, he retired to domestic life and never more sought or obtained public employment.

It is worthy of remark that while Congress bestowed upon other distinguished actors in the revolution, swords and medals in approbation of their services, the total defeat of a veteran enemy, the destruction and capture of a thousand men, and a death blow given to the hopes of the invader, were complimented by the old Congress, with a *vote of thanks* bestowed upon the Hero of Bennington.

In person General Stark was about the middle size, well proportioned, and in his youth remarkable for vigor and activity.— His countenance was handsome, and commanding. He was a man of kindness and hospitality, which he extended to all who sought his assistance.

His character in his private was as unexceptionable as in his public life, his manners plain and unassuming. He sustained the reputation of a man of honor and integrity—was friendly to the industrious and enterprising—severe to the idle and unworthy.— Society may venerate the memory of an honest citizen, and the nation of a hero, whose eulogy is in the remembrance of his countrymen.

Carthage as it is.

[We cut the following interesting account of the present state of Carthage from a letter of the foreign correspondence of the U. S. Gazette.]

My first visit was to the plain of Carthage, twice the capital of Africa, and once the capital of the world. At this, its most celebrated spot, I set foot, for the first time, upon a new continent. Literally has the denunciation of the Romau Senate been fulfilled; scarcely a vestige remains of the once mighty city of Triple Walls, and of seven hundred thousand inhabitants, a city of more than twenty-three miles in circumference, and which was seventeen days on fire before it could be all consumed. A few hundred rods from the beach, is a small hill, supposed to be the Byrsa of Dido, where had stood the celebrated citadel of Carthage. Here were found pieces of marble in greater abundance and of better quality than elsewhere; and its commanding elevation favors the belief that it was formerly the site of the citadel. The cisterns are a large excavation arched over, and divided by partitions into seventeen uniform compartments. Of these, half a dozen are in a state of good preservation: the cement on

their walls is nearly perfect, and they contain quantities of water. The rest are partly filled up, and proclaim the ravages of centuries. Their length, I conjectured, from pacing them, to be about one hundred feet; their breadth twenty; and the height of those least impaired, I judged to be thirty or forty. A gallery on each side of the excavation, runs its whole length, and communicates with the extremities of the cisterns. Although, after the destruction of Carthage by Scipio, Augustus erected upon its ruins a city which flourished in splendor for seven centuries, these cisterns, and others more impaired, about two miles to the west are believed to be the only remains of these magnificent cities; (and even their authenticity has not been certainly ascertained,) nor is it known to which of them these relics had appertained. A few huts near these latter cisterns, tenanted by some miserable, half naked beings, and a village on the Cape destined for criminals, are humble representatives of one of the mightiest capitals in the world. About two or three miles distant, and embosomed in beautiful groves, is a number of villas, the country seats of some of the Foreign Consuls and Tunisians. The promontory of Carthage is apparently eight miles in length, and two or three in breadth, and is, in other respects, well adapted for the seat of a metropolis, as it is encompassed on three sides by the sea and has a fertile country in the rear. On the south and east it is a little uneven; the rest a perfect plain extending beyond Tunis, rich, beautiful, cultivated, and covered with beans, barley, and olive groves. I found the wild poppy luxuriating in abundance.

Italian Poetry.

BY DR. BURNET.

From a letter to Hannah More.

Will you forgive me, dear madam, if I confess that I was a little mortified by the stigma you put upon Italian poetry, in putting it on a level with English sentiment, French philosophy, and German magic wonders. Was it not Italy that taught the rest of Europe all the fine arts; and indeed, first instructed its inhabitants in the divine principles of Christianity? And in later times, did not Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Trissino, Tansillo and Giralsi, furnish models to the poets of other countries? Did not Spenser and our great Epic bard avail themselves of the labors of their great predecessors? And is Metastasio, the most chaste, moral and pious of all modern poets of a high class, to be thrown into such company? If females are allowed to read or sing poetry of any kind, but purely dramatic, where are to be found better models of heroism and virtue, more refined sentiments and more elegance of language and versification, than in his secular dramas, or more piety than in his oratorios or sacred dramas? Whoever wishes to read divine poetry in a modern language, can find none better than Savinio Matti's translation of the Psalms.

Way Side Sketches.**Number 1.****Original.**

"What, you are stepping westward?" "Yea".

I promised, my dear sir, when we separated, that you should occasionally have a sketch of my rambling tour to "the west." After jotting over the Green Mountains, I found myself at Whitehall, where I lingered for a day, hesitating whether I should visit Lake George and Saratoga now, or on my return. One little incident determined the matter. Just as I was on the point of bespeaking a passage for Lake George, I saw our pretty blue-eyed friend, Miss H—, go on board the packet for Albany; so I ordered my baggage to the boat, and five minutes after, we were floating quietly and almost noiselessly down the canal. It was sunset when we left Whitehall, and as the night was dark and obscured, we had little opportunity to observe scenery, and no better amusement than a quiet game of backgammon in the cabin. The next morning the sun rose bright and warm, and as the mists rolled away from the landscape, a very beautiful scene was disclosed. We had just crossed the Hudson and were gliding through the lovely and fertile valley by its side. Another boat just behind ours was freighted with Swiss emigrants, and as the sun looked out from his eastern throne, they sung one of their wild, native airs as if to greet him in his coming. The music and the singular group which they composed, were in harmony with the feelings which the hour and the scene called forth. The smooth, green banks of the noble stream; here and there a bold rocky promontory, or woody hill, on which the sun threw his early radiance; and in the distance the blue mountains, like a barrier thrown up between us and the world beyond; and withal, the gay, free notes of birds as they sprung up on gladdened wing and poured forth their matin songs, furnished a lovely and enchanting scene. There was such a fresh and bland influence in the air, such a beauty and holiness in all that we saw and heard, that we lingered upon the deck, or leaned over the bow of the boat, long after the sun had risen and the usual sounds of busy day-light had broken upon the stillness of the hour, and dispelled the enchantment of the scene. There is a beauty and a freshness in the morning hour, such as belong to no other portion of the day. Henceforth, instead of being a dull dreamer of twilight and sunset musing, I shall be a worshipper of the morning—especially if I may have a certain fair priestess to offer incense with me.

There is a sort of quiet and comfort on board a packet, and yet one gets most essentially bored with its dull and tiresome monotony. Miss H— and myself contrived to while away the time with speculations and shrewd guesses upon the different characters and pursuits of our fellow travellers, and with looking at the scenery of the beautiful Hudson. Below Waterford we crossed the Mohawk in view of the Cahoes Falls,

and the wild and romantic scenery in their vicinity. The falls were distant, but presented a splendid appearance. At Troy we took the hourly for Albany and soon found ourselves in State Street, at mine host's of the American.

The next day we sauntered about the ancient and venerable city, in company with a pretty dutch girl of New-York, whom Miss H— introduced. During the morning after our arrival, I walked through some of the principal streets in company with Mr. H. and pretty deliberately concluded that Albany was an inferior town, and the dutch mere tasteless, money-getting plodders. As for their language, I voted it a most uncouth, unintelligible jargon. But I advise you, if you wish to judge of the dutch dialect, as now spoken by the descendants of the veritable Mynheers of Manhattan, Albany and Dorp, to take lessons of a dutch lady. If you will listen to the deep and not unmusical tones of the language from the lips of a lady—and that lady as pretty as Katrine Van —, you will never call it uncouth. In the ceremony of the introduction, her simple *Hoe gaal, Mynheer*, was as sweet and as musical as the greeting of an angel—and, by my faith, she is a—*dutch angel*.

The next evening I had seen my fair friends on board the steam-boat for New-York, and in very loneliness of heart, had returned to my hotel, and was seated in the solitude and silence of room No. 7, with a "light brown Havana," watching with a most intense interest the wreaths of smoke as they went curling and circling upwards towards the ceiling. I was engrossed in a most profound reverie, and my thoughts were in that dreamy and confused state which one experiences when he has just bid adieu to the only few acquaintances he has made in a stranger land, and feels that he is alone. The shades of evening came stealing down with noiseless step, and I had just applied the lucifer to my last cigar.—My visions had assumed more palpable and defined forms, my blue-eyed friend was flirting with a whiskered gentleman, and by my side was the dutch Hebe,—*Hoe gaat het, mein leister vricuden*, said she in a low and exquisitely musical voice. I returned the greeting, and with the next wreath of smoke that sailed upwards in circling eddies, the scene changed, and I was seated in my office in Broadway. Methought I felt like a patroon, and was planning the disposal of some of my broad acres upon the Hudson. Just then came tripping into the office my little dutch Katrine—"Wife"—said I, "my agent writes me that he has transferred the thirteen thousand of the two last years rent money of the Herkimer lands from the city loan stock, to the United States loan stock, six and five per cent., and has concluded to foreclose the mortgages of the Westchester farms which have been running so long—and the nine hundred acres of our Kinderhook patrimony."—Just at that moment a no very gentle tap upon the door reminded me of my single blessedness, and recalled me from the vision land. Come in—cried I, in a "pretty particular rage"—as Jack

Downing would say, and turning to bestow a blessing upon the unseasonable intruder, who should I see but our old classmate, John Stewart. Now John has never been in Love, and cares no more for woman, "with her eye of light and lip of song," than he does for the grand Lama of Thibet. He worships at no shrine but that of learning and truth, and wastes his endearments upon no mistress but nature. She is his first love, and her bright image reflected in books, mirrored in the lake-like service and the deep wells of poetry, is the sole goddess of his idolatry.

He has been engaged in the management of a High school some-where south, but I imagine that his nice sensibilities and acute perceptions of what is beautiful in nature, and of the fine and wiredrawn and subtle mysteries of the soul's philosophy, have not been appreciated. He has left, dissatisfied and aweary of his employment and of the world. It is rare that the world meets with such an one as John, and there are but few who can appreciate his character and measure the depths of his intellect and feelings. There are but few to whom study is any thing but a necessity and learning any thing but a toil. Fame, ambition and wealth divide the world's affections.—They are the *To kalon* and the *To prepon* of existence. Though fame is, when won, a blotted and fading robe, and money leaves its rusts upon the fingers and corrodes the heart, and care marks the brow, yet they are the idol gods of the many. Not so he. His pleading wishes are for learning, and his most cherished desires are for solitude, the high communion of nature, the pure worship of the Creator, and the study of truth. Strip him of friends, of wealth, of all else, but give him books, and he would say with Cicero, "*solarium praebent*" and feel in the heart their golden pleasantness.—There is nothing in his character of the "earth, earthy"—no envy, nor malice, nor sordid ambition, and they who know him well, must love him as a brother—nay, revere him for his simplicity, truth, and high intellect.

He has consented to accompany me as I ramble farther west, and when I gain another breathing place, you shall hear from us again.

C.

The Cherokee Alphabet.**Original.**

Every body, probably, is aware of the fact, that a native of the Cherokee nation has invented an alphabet, the use of which many of the tribe have been taught, but few, probably know anything of the inventor or the manner in which the discovery was perfected. Some account of this Cherokee Cadmus cannot, we think, prove unacceptable.

The inventor of this alphabet, who is, we believe, still living, is in his habits and personal appearance, a full Cherokee; he even possesses more of the *esprit du corps*, of a desire for the honor of his nation than most of

the tribe, although his grandfather on his father's side was a white man. His name is See-quah-yah, his English name much less euphonic, George Guess. He was born about the year 1763; was, by his own account, which it will be borne in mind, we shall follow throughout, in his youth gay and lively and possessed a remarkably retentive memory. Even following the most rigorous definition of *genius*, namely that pre-eminence in one pursuit does not constitute a man of genius but a capability for all, See-quah-yah was a genius of the first order.—Besides his philological investigations, he possesses and has cultivated a taste for painting. In his early attempts, never having seen a camel-hair pencil, he made use of the hair of wild animals for his brushes. He had not the advantage of a study of the models which ancient and modern art furnish as an excitement to the youthful painter; as nature prompted him to make the effort, so nature furnished him with subjects for his pencil. His pictures display extraordinary faithfulness, and many of his productions denote a sort of intuitive knowledge of the complex rules of perspective. He is also an excellent mechanic, a superior black and white smith, and although he could never have witnessed the display of any mechanical skill, beyond what a bungling blacksmith or miserable tinker might be supposed to furnish, yet he astonished his brethren by the manufacture of difficult and elegant articles, such as spurs, spoons &c. He was also in his youth a great warrior, and when quite young, he distinguished himself at the defeat of St. Clair. It was about this period, in one of his campaigns, that his attention was first drawn to the subject of written language. The Indians found a letter upon the person of an individual, whom they had taken prisoner, which they obliged him to read. The mystery of such an extraordinary means of communication became a fruitful subject of wonder and conversation to the natives; most of them were inclined to believe that the extraordinary talent was the direct gift of the Great Spirit to the white man, whilst See-quah-yah alone maintained that it was the discovery of the white man himself. He often thought of the subject, as his mind was casually directed to the superiority of the white man's attainments, but never with any idea of projecting an Alphabet himself, till accident disabled him from pursuing his customary employments. A swelling on his knee, which ended in rendering him a cripple for life, confined him for a long period closely to his cabin. Without excitement, without employment and without society, his inventive mind was again directed to the mysterious *talking leaf*. The practicability of inventing a written language then first suggested itself. We can hardly conceive of an idea, which at first strikes the mind as so preposterous as the practicability of a poor, unlettered Indian, a savage, one who knew nothing of any language but his own, by the unaided power of his own intellect, reducing to a system and representing to the eye the varied sounds of a wild, and uncultiva-

ted language. Yet he did effect all this, and he is enabled to analize the progressive steps so as to explain the manner in which it was done.

He first, with the assistance of the more acute ears of his wife and children, endeavored to represent each peculiar sound in the language by a character of its own and enlarged his list by adding to it any new sound which he chanced to hear in conversation, at the Council speeches or on other occasions. These characters were, in the beginning owing probably to his genius for design, images of animals, birds &c., but he soon dropt this plan as impracticable, and adopted arbitrary signs, some of which were the Roman characters copied from an old English spellingbook which he chanced to have in his possession. It might naturally be expected that these characters would at first be very numerous, and accordingly we find that they numbered over two hundred. But, with the aid of his daughter, who was a valuable assistant in his philological researches, See-quah-yah at length reduced the number to eighty five, which are still used. It is said that in one short month after the adoption of arbitrary characters, his discovery was finally accomplished. After finishing his alphabet, he carried his researches to the science of numbers. The Cherokees knew no more of mathematics than the numbers from one to a hundred for each of which they had a name. They had no signs, no means to assist them in adding multiplying, or computing. Unassisted, uninstructed, and by the mere powers of mind, with which nature had endowed him, See-quah-yah overcame all these difficulties, invented signs, invented rules and soon became an expert arithmetician. Almost till the final completion of his discoveries, he had made his characters upon a piece of birch bark with a sharpened nail, but he now procured from the Indian agent paper and quills and with ink of his own manufacture was placed in the possession of writing apparatus, every way as practically useful as can be found in the most elegant escritoire. He felt that he had effected a great discovery; one which might have an important influence on the future well being of his tribe. See-quah-yah was not selfish—he wished only to introduce his discovery in such a manner as might ensure its favorable reception. In doing this, he had many difficulties to contend with. The Cherokees are noted for superstition, and with all their civilization, the conjuror is still an important personage amongst them. He had long been viewed with an eye of suspicion by his companions and it was generally supposed that he was engaged in improper and unholy practises, and he was himself of opinion that serious inconvenience would have resulted from his pursuits, had not the infensiveness of his character disarmed the hatred or the fears of those who disliked them. He determined to give them direct proof of his sincerity. He called together the chiefs and grave men of the tribe and began by explaining as well as he could, the discovery and repelling the idea of su-

pernatural influence. His daughter, his only pupil was sent out of the room; he then committed to paper any sentence given him by his auditors, which was read aloud by the daughter when she returned. The same was done, the father absenting himself.—The Indians could not deny that there was something in all this, but they could form no idea of the means of communication employed. They were still dissatisfied; they feared the old serpent had too intimate a connection with these experiments. A further trial was agreed upon. Several of the most intelligent young men were selected, to whom See-quah-yah imparted his invention, and taught the use of his alphabet. A great council was called; the whole tribe assembled; these young men were introduced and with their teacher underwent the severest scrutiny; they were examined and cross-examined till every doubt was removed. From a suspicious individual, See-quah-yah found himself at once elevated to a proud distinction over the rest of the tribe. He was feasted, honored. The young men surrounded him in crowds to acquire a knowledge of the wonderful art, and he freely imparted instruction to all. The invention soon became known throughout the country, and justly excited great attention. The Government of the United States, with commendable liberality caused a fount of types to be cast for his Alphabet; a newspaper under the direction of the Cherokee government with an Indian and English title, the latter, the Cherokee Phoenix, was established at New-Echota, edited by a native Cherokee, and printed partly in the Indian and partly in the English character, and is still continued. The Gospel of Matthew and a book of Hymns translated by the Rev. Mr. Worcester have appeared in the same language.

Enough has been said of See-quah-yah's intellectual character to show how much unaided nature can effect in the establishment of intellectual eminence. Who after such an example, can despair in our community, with the privileges of instruction afforded the meanest individual, of arriving at distinction? It is easy to conceive of the good effect of such a discovery on the morals of the people, among whom it exists. It gives them a sort of sense of their own superiority, it tends to increase the good opinion of themselves, and self-respect is no less necessary for the advancement of a nation than of an individual; it is a thing to which they can appeal with pride as an evidence that they are not totally degraded, that a native Cherokee has done all this.

In his habits, See-quah-yah is simple, unostentatious, sober, studious; in manners easy and dignified; in disposition more sociable than is usual with those of his race. In personal appearance, he displays the peculiar characteristics of the Indian; he always, even at Washington, where his comrades assumed the prevailing habiliments, adhered to the costume of his people. His character and appearance are venerable; he merits and receives the respect of the whole tribe, nor can the white man refuse

his tribute to the reputation of him who has so just a claim to the title of the AMERICAN CADMUS.

Biography.

Original.

In a former paper, some remarks were given concerning Biography as put in comparison with History; we now design, by way of continuation to those remarks, to say a few words of Biographical writing, considered by itself.

The design and object of Biography is twofold, both to impart historical information by a sketch of the life and acts of an eminent individual, and, by displaying those acts in a true and proper light devoid of false coloring or mis-statement, to lead others to virtue and honor, by exciting a laudable emulation of the good or an unconquerable disgust at the wicked. Any Memoir, therefore, which is not written for the attainment of both these objects is imperfect, and unworthy the name of Biography. The love of honors and of fame, is, we hold, a constituent principle in the composition of the human affections. True, like other faculties of the mind, it is modified by education and circumstances, and is naturally of greater strength in some person than in others. But we consider it not less true, that the love of approbation, whether we speak phrenologically or philosophically, when favorably combined with other faculties and temperaments, is a principle incentive to great and noble deeds; that, in an individual not religiously inclined it may display itself in such acts of apparently disinterested benevolence, as to a superficial observer, might appear the offspring of unpretending, gospel piety alone. If this be a true position, the historian and biographer may be considered the primary cause of most of those deeds of noble daring and of generous philanthropy which constitute the patriot and the sage. Hear the poet:

The noblest spur unto the sons of fame,
Is thirst of honor and to have their name
Enrolled in faithful history; thus worth
Was by a wise ambition first brought forth.

Without the pen of the Historian or Biographer to commemorate his noble deeds, the hero, the patriot and statesman, would have no other inducement to sacrifice their lives, fortunes, and happiness on the altar of their country's good, than what the approving voice of their own consciences might furnish; a sufficient reward, it might be said, but one which, we fear, would, with most men, in their present imperfect state, prove insufficient. Without their aid, indeed, life would be truly what the touching versifier Moore, describes it to be:

"Ah! well may we hope when this short life
is gone,
To meet in a world of more permanent bliss;
For a smile or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all that we enjoy of each other in this."

The great aim of the Biographer should be, to give a faithful account of his subject, neither glossing over or extenuating his ac-

tual faults, nor suffering his prejudices to carry him so far from the path of rectitude as to 'set down aught in malice.' As has been justly observed,

This is a great fault in a chronologer
To turn parasite; an absolute historian
Should be in fear of none; neither should he
Write anything more than truth for friendship
Or else for hate; but keep himself equal
And constant in all his discourses."

But while we wish to have a true character given and true statements made in all cases of any importance, yet we would not have, after the fashion of some biographers, every petty folly, every capricious remark hastily made and which ought to be as hastily forgotten, exposed to view; we would not have the weakness and foibles of great minds laid open to the unhallowed gaze of the gaping multitude; an exposure from which no good can possibly ensue. We agree with Johnson, that "it is surely better that caprice, obstinacy, frolic and folly, however they might delight in the description, should be silently forgotten, than that, by wanton merriment and unseasonable detection, a pang should be given to a widow, a daughter, a brother or a friend." While we would wish to approximate as nearly as possible to the truth, in matters of any importance, yet party feelings, personal animosities, petty prejudices, a fear of offence, will always prevent its promulgation in times when the remembrance of the actions we describe is yet fresh, and at a later period, the materials for such representation are lost and cannot be recalled. To quote the words of the same profound moralist, "The necessity of complying with times and comparing persons, is the great impediment of biography" or to express our whole meaning by another's words;

"But story writers ought for neither glory
Fear nor favor, truth of things to spare;
But still it fares, as always it did fare,
Affections, fear or doubts that daily brew
Do cause that stories never can be true."

Biographers should possess sound judgment and good discrimination; they should know how to distinguish between the really valuable, and what is only apparently of importance; between isolated facts which require a bare relation only, and such incidents as having an important bearing upon the future life of the individual may be peculiarly interesting to others in like situations. They should be assiduous in their researches into the prime causes which led to the important results in his history, the trivial circumstances, the 'little acorns,' from which grow the 'tall oaks' of future eminence.

"But seeing causes are the chiefest things
That should be noted of the story writer,
That men may learn what ends all causes
bring;
They be unworthy of the name of chroniclers
That leave them clean out of their registers,
Or doubtfully report them; for the fruit
Of reading stories standeth in the suit."

This second object of Biography, the example set forth to others, may undoubtedly be better attained by the study of the lives,

course and characters of men of comparatively humble life, men, to whom we should not look up, as if from an unmeasurable distance, as if seated on the pinnacle of a mount whose steep, rugged sides we could not possibly ascend. The Memoirs of such men, "the mighty in intellect, those of heavenly mould, who like the giants of old, are the offspring of gods and the daughters of men," should be written for instruction's sake, to improve our intellects and to add to our stock of useful knowledge, but not to excite our emulation or kindle up dormant ambition, for their effect would be rather to discourage than support our attempts to attain honorable distinction. Men of less imposing presence, men like ourselves, men, indeed, who have celebrity and an eminent standing amongst their fellows by an untiring perseverance, men who but yesterday we saw on the same level with ourselves, and whom, even now, with extended arm, we can almost reach, self-taught men; these are the characters fit to be held up as spurs to the flagging ambition of the young, these are the most proper subjects of Biography. The prominent events of the lives of such men as these, the difficulties which they were obliged to surmount, the perseverance with which they attacked every opposing obstacle, the progressive steps by which they arrived at final distinction, the manner in which they supported their budding honors, the errors into which they were led, or else by the surest chance were enabled to avoid, compose a subject worthy of the pen of the most eminent of authors. By devoting their time and labor to the collection and transmission to posterity of such bright examples for imitation they have the satisfaction of knowing, that they have essentially contributed, not merely to the literary fame of their country, but to the intellectual and moral benefit of their countrymen. The immortal Shakspeare never displayed more of his wonderful knowledge of human nature, and the extent of his proficiency in what Pope rightly calls "the proper study of mankind," than when he wrote the lines with which we close this article.

"There is a history in all men's lives
Fig'ring the nature of the times deceas'd,
The which observed, a man may prophecy
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which, in their seeds
And weak beginnings, lie entreasur'd."

It is a common proverb, that error will fly over the world, while truth is putting on her wings. The Rev. John Newton, in relation to the same subject, says, "I compare the art of spreading rumors to the art of pin making. There is usually some truth, which I call the wire; as this passes from hand to hand, one gives it a polish, another a point; others make and put on the head, and at last the pin is completed."

"Pull out that white hair," said one lady to another. "If I do, ten will come to the funeral." "No matter, if they come in black."

The Study of the Ancient Classics.***Number 1.****Original.**

That excellent scholar and good man, Hon. Thomas Smith Grunke, whose disease was noticed in a former number of this paper, was perhaps almost the only instance of a literary man, liberally educated, and of large views and enlightened mind, maintaining the opinion that the study of the ancient classics should be abolished from our seminaries of learning. This opinion was founded, not so much on the deleterious effects as on the comparative uselessness of this study and the slight bearing which it has on the pursuits of after life. But many uneducated men, men of sound practical knowledge and plain good sense, have entertained views of this description in relation to the expediency and propriety of retaining the ancient classics as a branch of study in our seminaries of learning, but who cannot be considered, however valuable their opinions may be on other subjects, competent judges in respect to the usefulness of a particular branch of knowledge, of which they themselves are entirely ignorant. Yet, it would be useless to deny that the opinions of such men have had a great influence in bringing the usefulness of this study into suspicion with those, who had no means of judging by their own experience, and has had the effect of impressing many a parent with the idea that the time and money expended on the classical education of his son was entirely wasted. Many well informed men also, admit the benefits which may be derived from the pursuit of this branch of knowledge, but are, nevertheless, of the opinion, that other studies might be substituted advantageously in their stead, which are now excluded from a regular course, for want of sufficient time to attend to them. It is our purpose, in a short series of articles, of which this may be considered the introduction, to consider the objections which have been made to the study of the ancient classics, the substitutes which have been proposed in their stead, and briefly to state what appear to us the most prominent advantages to be derived from them.

The Female Heart.

The female heart may be compared to a garden, which, when well cultivated, presents a continued succession of fruits and flowers, to regale the soul and delight the eye; but, when neglected, producing a crop of the most noxious weeds; large and flourishing, because their growth is in proportion to the warmth and richness of the soil from which they spring. Then let this ground be faithfully cultivated; let the mind of the young and lovely female be stored with useful knowledge, and the influence of women, though undiminished in power, will be like "the diamond of the desert," sparkling and pure, whether surrounded by the sands of desolation, forgotten and unknown, or pouring its refreshing streams through every avenue of the social and moral fabric.

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.**Concord, Friday Dec. 5, 1834.**

To those of our friends who have hitherto delayed subscribing, or furnishing contributions for our pages, under an apprehension that our paper was doomed to an ephemeral existence, we have the satisfaction to announce the certain continuance of the work for one year at least. Though the number of our patrons is yet small, such is our confidence in the utility and practicability of sustaining among ourselves one literary periodical, in which shall be displayed some portion of the abundant talent now lying dormant within our borders—such are our convictions of the advantages to be derived from the circulation of a sheet, which shall aim to impart valuable knowledge, to inculcate correct principles and afford rational amusement, that we are determined, even at a pecuniary sacrifice, if it must be so, to persevere in our undertaking. But we do not anticipate any such result. As we believe our publication merits support, we cannot doubt but that the discriminating good sense of our citizens will extend to us their patronage. As far as we have had the means of ascertaining, the intelligent and good have approved our labors. Still there is a backwardness in coming promptly forward to our assistance, which must be got rid of ere we can promise ourselves complete success.

We beg leave here to present an extract from our correspondence. It is part of a letter from a worthy lady, whose favors we hope will hereafter grace our columns. It was written in reply to a request soliciting aid from her pen:

"I would gratefully acknowledge the receipt of your note, and also of several numbers of your paper, with the character of which it is scarcely needful for me to add, I am much pleased, as it commends itself to all well-wishers to the cause of literature. * * * There are few, perhaps, but would wish that a literary paper might be sustained in the granite state—few I mean, who can claim it as their native soil, or the land of their adoption. Yet there is a tardiness, a want of coming up to the work—a neglect to encourage and assist the efforts of those, who with due encouragement and assistance, would ably conduct such a periodical, and thereby promote the interests of literature and the grand cause of popular instruction and improvement. We are looking too much abroad—as far at least as the "Literary Emporium," the city of Knickerbocker or of 'brotherly love,' for our intellectual supplies; forgetting or overlooking our own resources—neglecting to cultivate what might be the fertile spots among our rocks and mountains—and suffering to remain unexplored the mines, (richer than those of Potosi,) that abound in our rugged region. This is not as it should be. It is to be hoped that one professedly literary publication may be so well supported among us as to do away the reproach hitherto, I regret to say, deservedly attached to us as a community."

We have no hesitation in saying, that sentiments similar to those contained in the foregoing quotation are entertained by hundreds among us, who are possessed of talents and influence. Let them but act in accordance with their views, and their desires will be accomplished—a paper worthy of the state will be published. Let those who have leisure and ability, write; let all recommend the work, who think it deserving encouragement. We venture to predict that few of our subscribers will complain of their bargains at the close of the year. They will then have a quarterly volume of 416 pages, to which we shall furnish an index and title page. We shall occasionally give music and other embellishments. Those who subscribe soon can be supplied with the back numbers.

America seems fated to become the country where the merits of the science of Phrenology shall be duly appreciated; and where it will finally take the high stand which it so richly deserves. In our exchange papers from every section of the Union, we observe notices of Lectures on this subject. Its fundamental principles have been explained in every town of importance in the country, and the number of its disciples is proportionably increased. In Boston, the literary emporium, the hotbed of American literature, a course of Lectures have been commenced by Dr. Barber and Rev. J. Pierpont, who cannot fail of doing justice to a science, into the principles of which they have so thoroughly initiated themselves.

Bulwer's new novel, 'The last days of Pompeii,' has been republished in this country, and is highly spoken of. It will be remembered, that our countryman, S. L. Fairfield, Esq. about two years since, published a lengthy poem, which corresponds with Bulwer's work, if not in contents, most strikingly in the title, which was "The last Night of Pompeii." Wonder if the coincidence was accidental.

It is stated that the extensive, and valuable correspondence of Lafayette, the hero of three revolutions, and actor in all the principal events of the last half century, is in an excellent state of preservation, and will shortly be published. It cannot fail of being an important addition to the History of the civilized world.

A process has been discovered in England, by which sea-water, can, with great facility, be converted to pure, and wholesome fresh water. The residuum, which remains after the operation, is, by another process, divided into good salt and impurities; and all this can be done with the greatest ease, as has been established by numerous experiments. A company has been formed to ensure the general success of this important discovery.

Several Physicians of the city of New-Orleans have associated themselves as a Faculty of Medicine, and will open a Medical Institute on the first of January next. They consider that the nature of several diseases peculiar to the location of the city, cannot be understood except by studying them on the spot, and that the advantages of New-Orleans for such an institution render the practice of sending their young men to the eastward for a medical education, not only unnecessary, but ridiculous.

The Academy of Sciences at Lyons has offered a gold medal of the value of 600 francs for the best essay on this question, "What is the best system of Education and public instruction in a Constitutional Monarchy?"

Letters have been received from the distinguished discoverer, Capt. Back, under date of the 29th of April. He had heard of the arrival of Capt Ross, and was, with his companions, in good spirits, although they had suffered for want of provisions.

Lady Morgan is about publishing a new Novel. The scene is laid in Belgium, at the time of the late troubles, and the work will contain the author's views of Society, Manners, and Politics in that country.

POETRY.

SATURDAY EVENING.

By Bulwer.

The week is past, the Sabbath dawn comes on ;
Rest ; rest in peace ; thy daily toil is done ;
And standing, as thou standest, on the brink
Of a new scene of being, calmly think
Of what is gone, is now, and soon shall be,
As one that trembles on eternity.
For sure as this new closing week is past,
So sure advancing, Time will close my last ;
Sure as to-morrow, shall the awful light
Of the eternal morning hail my sight.
Spirit of Good ! on this week's verge I stand,
Tracing the guiding influence of thy hand ;
That hand which leads me gently, kindly still
Up life's dark, stony, tiresome, thorny hill ;
Thou, thou in every storm hast sheltered me
Beneath the wing of thy benignity.
A thousand graves my footsteps circumvent,
And I exist ; thy Mercy's Monument !
A thousand writhe upon the bed of pain ;
I live, and pleasure flows through every vein.
Want o'er a thousand wretches waves her wand ;
I circled by ten thousand mercies stand.
How can I praise thee, Father ! how express
My debt of reverence and thankfulness !
A debt that no intelligence can count,
While every moment swells the vast amount,
For the week's duties thou has given me strength,
And brought me to its peaceful close at length ;
And here my grateful bosom fain would raise
A fresh memorial to thy glorious praise.

TO THE PAST.

By W. C. Bryant.

'Thou unrelenting past !
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain ;
And fetters sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn,
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone,
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
Youth, manhood, age that draws us towards the
ground,
And last—man's life on earth
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years ;
Thou hast my early friends—the good, the kind,
Yielding to them with tears—
The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost one back—yearns with desire intense ;
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain—thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart ;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back—not to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown—to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea.

Labors of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith—
Love, that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered ;
With thee, have silent fame,
'Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

Thine for a space are they ;
Yet shall thou yield thy treasure up at last,
Thy gate shall yet give way,
Thy chains shall fall, inexorable Past !

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time
Shall then come forth, to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no !
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles radiant long ago,
And features, the great seal's apparent seat.

All shall come back—each tie
Of pure Affection shall be knit again ;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung ;
And her, who still and cold,
Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.

THE SONG OF THE GRAVE DIGGER.

By Charles Dance.

Poor mortals imagine they stand on the ground
Supported by all that is solid and sound :—
'Tis a plank—and, beneath it, my work's to be
found—

I gather them in,
I gather them in.

The child, strong and healthy, careers on the
heath—
Not thinking—not caring—scarce knowing of
death ;

In an instant he draws his last innocent breath :
I gather him in,
I gather him in.

The youth in the vortex of folly and crime
Advised to repent—answers, "not in my prime ;"
He would if he knew he had run out his time ;
I gather him in,
I gather him in.

Says Fifty—poor Sixty is breaking apace,
He must long for the health that he sees in my
face.
Self-deceiver ! he dreams not he's first in the
race :

I gather him in,
I gather him in.

"Huzza"—says the Dotard—"I'm turn'd of
four score,

And now I shall live to a hundred or more ;
At night-fall his coffin is brought to the door ;
I gather him in,
I gather him in.

The drunkard exclaims "fill my cup to the brim,
In water life sinks—but in brandy 'twill swim,"
He dies as he speaks—and I make sure of him :
I gather him in,
I gather him in.

The rich man observes his poor neighbor look
old,
And hugs himself on his resources of gold ;
A lackey all lace says, "a knell must be tolled."
I gather him in,
I gather him in.

E'en while he was speaking, the moralist elf
Was digging—unthinking—a pit for himself,
His spade and his mattock are laid on the shelf ;
They've gathered him in,
They've gathered him in.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

By Wm. Leggett.

The birds, when winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the seas away,
Where laughing isles in sunshine lie,
And summer breezes play.

And thus the friends that flutter near,
While fortune's sun is warm,
Are startled if a cloud appear,
And fly before a storm.

But when from winter's howling plains
Each other warbler's passed,
The little snow bird still remains,
And cherups 'mid the blast.

Love, like that bird, when friendship's throng
With fortune's sun depart,
Still lingers with its cheerful song,
And nestles on the heart.

The following little piece, by Mrs. Radcliffe, for its
fancy, its beauty, its tenderness, will not be found inferior to Lord Strangford's celebrated Rondeau, "Just
like love is yonder rose," of which it is an imitation :

No, ah ! no ; not just like love,
Is you gay and conscious rose ;
All its flaunting leaves disclose
Sun-shine joy—and fearless prove ;
Not like love !

But yonder little violet flower,
That, folded in its purple veil,
And trembling to the lightest gale,
Weeps beneath that shadowing bower,
Is just like love !

Though filled with dew its closing eyes,
Though bends its slender stem in air,
It breathes perfume and blossoms fair,
It feeds on tears, and lives on sighs,
Just like love !

And should a sun-beam kiss its leaf,
How bright the dew drops would appear !
Like beams of hope upon a tear,
Like light of smiles through parting grief !
And just like love !

AGENTS FOR THE GAZETTE.

Acworth,	Granville Gilmore.
Andover, Ms.	George S. Towle.
Bedford,	Harvey F. Courser.
Brookline,	J. B. Sawtell.
Clarendon,	Francis P. Knowlton.
Epping,	James Robinson.
Goffstown,	Alonzo Carr.
Hanover,	Jabez A. Douglass.
New-Hampton,	John B. White.
Newport,	Gilbert Nettleton.
Pembroke,	Timothy J. Tenney.
Piermont,	Moses Learned.
Salisbury,	Caleb P. Smith.
Stratham,	Phinehas Merrill.
Weare,	John L. Hadley.

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Published weekly at \$2,50 per annum, or \$2
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No. 3, Hill's Building, second story.

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